REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, where fore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonab 1, 13, 14.

Navigation in the Meditteranean Sea a ways was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sai and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reel the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometime twenty or thirty of them on either side o the vessel. You would not venture outsid your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and they small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened, white the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has become a blinding, deafening, swamping

fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece, that went into the storm 200 miles off New foundland. Oh, what a night that was! suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his ac-

count, and he asked the sailors to throw him count, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they lay back into the para! But rowing on the sai is very different. oars! But rowing on the sea is very differ-ent from rowing upon a river, and as the vessel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the carsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore

they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another let-ter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell youn table," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important re-

text as an illustration of a most important re-ligious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore were dis-comfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts of the counterpart in the efforts of are making to bring souls to the shore o mafety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father or mother or husband or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you

have been in agony about their salvation.

A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there, may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal acid, when you leave it would be a latar alchness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and add, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the control of the co tainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Ch, no, I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterra-nean oarsmen appealed—the God whe could nean oarsmen appealed—the God whe could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port! I tell you, my friends that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ.

Ab, it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the houshold on the other side of the line.
Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity. one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then

they are lost to sight forever! I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ ems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat,

and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ.' Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightly unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said, "O God, take away my life. if through that means my away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children: He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your aged about their charlen. Where is your son to-night? He has wondered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he cannot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he would not care much it he heard you were dead! The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe

you can bring him into harbor. It is the

glorious promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you have tried everything else: now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving Day, perhaps next Christmas Day—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his plate more iuxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure th brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that about now have heart somewhard. of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion, that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

Though parents may in covenant be And have their heaven in view, They are not happy till they see Tals chil iren happy too.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a coun-terpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Careytook hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another par, and Luther took hold of another oar and John Knox took hold of another our and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages and some into the plague struck room of the lazaretto, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I Put down the cars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school and the college; and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must do it, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed nard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they gried unto the Lord." orled unto the Lord "

Again, the unavailing effort of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon-us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten years toward heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff and put it down at the foot of Niagara and, then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters and except to work your reason and exdistanded, and yet they have not made one pect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erle as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope and pardon the surf of your sin into the hope and pardon and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondols go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of Hie strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black and inexcusable and outrageous, the very and inexcusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitible, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the an-chor until all the cables of the earth are exusted, that we may touch the depth. Let hausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sor-rows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase subject I have drawn my present ations, you see, chiefly from the illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Th the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out-what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth \$1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat overs over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet-treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. will dive for the pearl of great price? will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy

soul as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will

Commercial Products From Sharks. Sharks, says a writer in the Revue Scientifique, furnish quite a number of valuable products. Thus, the liver of the shark contains an oil of a beautiful color, that never becomes turbid. and that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod liver oil. The skin, after being dried, takes the polish and hardness of mother of pearl. It is marbled and bears a resemblance to fossil coral. It is used by jewelers for the manufacture of fancy objects, by binders for making shagreen, and by cabinet makers for polishing wood. The fins are highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at the end of a dinner as a most delicate hors d'œuvre. A ton of fins usually brings (at Sydney) \$140.

The Europeans, who do not yet appreciate the fins of the shark as a food product, are content to convert them into fish glue, which competes with the sturgeon glue prepared in Russia. This glue is employed for clarifying beer, wine, and other liquors. It is used also for the preparation of English taffetas, as a reagent in chemistry, etc. The teeth of the shark are used by the inhabitants of Ellis Islands for the manufacture of weapons of war. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. It is employed, also, along with the bones, in the preparation of a fertilizer. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the animal,

RELIGIOUS READING.

It is glorious to have friends in heaven They seem to add to the attraction of the eternal world. While we think of them as the inhabitants of the star-paved city, we, at the same time, regard them as our companions, and thus we are drawn nearer to the throne by the cords of human love, and become, in some sense, familiarized with the glories which await us in a blissful immortality. In which await us in a blissful immortanty. In one view they appear as our associates, re-joicing in our prosperity, sympathizing in our sorrows and having sentiments and pur-poses kindred with our own; in another, we behold them the companions of the patriarche and the prophets, listening to the sublime adorations of Paul, and the seraphic melo-dicate Davidle selectial, but and pouring dies of David's celestial lute, and pouring forth their own voices in the anthems of

praise to the Lamb forever.

I bless God for the hope I am permitted to entertain, and that I have a mother—the whose spirit wanders in a cloud of glory, through the aromatic gardens, and over the delectable mountains of the blest. She spent, here below a life of sorrow—wedded to privations, disappointments and disease; but now she plucks the fragrant flowers and the delicious fruits of paradise—leans her own wearied head upon the bossom of Jesus, and slumbers in a beatific vision of the throne of God. I have often fancied, in hours of dark-God. I have often fancied, in hours of dark-ness and despondent gloom, that her glorified spirit lingered around me, whispering words of consolation and hope. I have imagined that it was the echo of her lute which made sweet music in my heart, the hallowedness of her presence, which drove far from me the tempter, with his wicked doubts, and the rustling of her wings of glory which seemed to partition me around with starlit irradia-tions from the eternal throne.

tions from the eternal throne. And to have children in heaven! Are they And to have children in heaven: Are they not golden knobs, which transmit the electric spark of divine love from the throne of of the Lamb to be the burdened and disconsolate soul? Bereaved parents! Could you behold the babe which has perished like a belose the bloss of the sickly infant which demanded your unceasing care and unslumbering watchfulness. It has exchanged its toys for an angelic lute—its sobs for a song of triumph, and its little griefs and acute pains for the sweetness of seraphic joy, and the rapture of undying praise. And then, what astonishing advantages has it already nade, in the elements of knowledge, and wisdom and love! And yet, what wonder, since it has been instructed by the Great Teacher? It would be no matter of sur-prise, though it could inform us concerning the mysteries of redemption, and speak in language which it would not be lawful for

Glory to God, that we have friends in heaven! Parents, husbands, wives, child-ren, brothers, sisters and associates have gone before us. Their tears are wiped away their sighs of sorrow are repressed, their burden of affliction is removed, and they have proved by their own experience, that "life and immorality are brought to light in the gospel." They await our arrival upon those blissful shores. They stoop from the golden battlements of heaven, to lure us on to that glory which shall be eternal. God grant, gentle reader, that you and I may be attracted by that splendor of the unforseen world, and admonish by the terrors of hell. that we may "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," and be brought at last to stand high upon the mount of God, encircled with the rainbow splendors, and filled glories of a blissful sternity.-Christian Advocate.

SUMMER.

The season of summer calls the vigorous mind to profound contemplations. Inestitimable are those habits of thought and ob servation which convert nature into the temple of God, and render all its different scenes expressive of the various attributes of the Almighty mind. Every season speaks of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. It is now the pride and glory of the year. The earth is covered with plenteousness, and the sun is pursuing, like a giant, his course through the heavens, dispensing light and vigor over the world beneath him. Are there no classes or conditions of men of whose character and duties this season is de-

whose character and dudes this season is de-scriptive? Are there no moral lessons which they who love the Lord may gather from that sun which now goeth forth in his might. Is it not, in the first place, emblamatic to us of the maturity of human life, and of the virtues which that season ought to display? To those of that age, the spring, with all its weakness and all its dangers, is past; an unconducted them through the dawn of their infant journey, and led them on to that mighty stage where the honors of time and eternity are to be won. Whatever may be the station or condition in which they are placed, there is yet to all some simple and evident duty which they are called to per-form, some course which they are summoned to run; and what is far more, however narrow may be its bounds, or obscure its situa-ation, there is some sphere in which their influence extends, and in which, like the summer sun, they may diffuse joy and happiness around them. In such seasons, let nature be their instructor, and, while they bless the useful light which pours gladness among the dwellings of men, let them remember that they also were made to bless and improve.— Lot them remember, that to them have now arisen the lengthened and enlightened days of when everything calls them to labor, that the breath of heaven has ripened all their powers of mind and body into perfection, that there are eyes in heaven and earth which look upon the course they are pursuing, and that the honors of time, and the hopes of immortality, alike depend upon the use which they make of the summer of their days.—C.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

A father and son went out together to steal corn. When they came to the field, the father climbed up on the fence and looked carefully around, that no eye might He then began to fill his bag with the corn. "Father," said the boy, "there is one direction in which you did not look." "Ah, my son," replied the father, "and where is that?" "Oh, father, you did not look up." The man returned home, with an empty bag and a stricken conscience. There is one whose presvitnesses. There is one from whose eye, the darkness hideth not. The blood and right-eousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, alone can cover sins in the day of his flerce anger. This s the sinner's refuge.

It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night, by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or rouring cataract. Miagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from the hollow of His hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of either fountains and gently, flowing rivulets. silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that it is to be -ALBERT BURNS.

That church is best where the gospel is preached in the most simple and earnest manner, where a godly man "points to brighter worlds and leads the way." That family is the happiest who can come together round the family altar with prayer and praise, who can look upon the "vacant with resignation to their Heavenly Father's will, and lay bright flowers on new made graves looking upward to a happy

Banana Plantations Ruined.

meeting above the stars

The late storm which passed over the island of Cuba, almost entirely destroyed the banana plantations. The Norwelgian fruiter, Christian Johnson, just arrived from Gibara, brought probably the last cargo of fruit from Cuba this season. New York City for th rest of the season will have to depend en-tirely on Jamaica and Central America for the supply of bananas.

No Sear, the Yellow Leaf.

Late tourists through the mountains have been disappointed in the matter of autumn tints. The drought has exhausted the sap before the frost has had an opportunity to touch the leaves with the gorgeous glories of an American autumn.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 4.

Lesson Text: "Jesus, Lord of the Sabbath," Mark II., 23-28; iii., 1-5-Golden Text: Mark ii., 28-Commentary.

23. "And it came to pass that He went through the cornfields on the Sabbath day, and His disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." In Math. xii. 1, it is written that His disciples were hungry, so that we must bear in mind that there was an actual bodily need to be supplied. was an actual bodily need to be supplied He himself was ofttimes hungry and weary (Math. iv., 2; xxl., 18; John iv., 6), and the disciple must be content to be as his Mas-ter (John xv., 20). If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him (II Tim. ii., 12). In our abundance we are apt to forget Him, and He ofttimes proves us to see if we are relying on Him or on our circumstances

Deut. viii., 2; Gen. xii.. 1). 24. "And the Pharisees said unto Him, Be hold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful?" The Pharisees were a class of religious people not yet extinct, who were full of talk, but lacking in deeds, except when their deeds would bring them praise of men. They were hypocrites and whited sepulchers, fair outwardly, but all unclean within (Math. xxiii. 3, 5, 27, 28). We may be sure that He who said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," would in no sense transgress His own commandment nor lead others to do it. Thes hypocrites make me think of a captain on a ferryboat whom I saw collecting fares one Lord's day and at the same time finding fault with a man for whistling the air of a

sacred song.
25. "And He said unto them, Have ye never read what David did when he had need and was an hungered, he and they that were with him?" I believe there is an analogy in Scripture for about every event in lifethat can come to any one. Jesus, being full of the word, knew just how and when to apply if: hence we so often hear Him saying. "It it; hence we so often hear Him saying, "It is written," "Have ye never read?" How many church members would hang their heads in shame if He should ask them,

"Have ye never read?"
26. "How He went into the house of God in the days of Abiahar, the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat, but for the priests, and gave also to them, which were with them." In Math. xii., 5. 7. He cites also the conduct of the priests in the temple on the Sabbath day and quotes from Hos. vi., 6, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." An outward apparent disobedience does not always spring from a spirit of disobedience, and the Lord always looketh upon the heart. He reads our mo tives and reckons with us accordingly. He weigheth actions and spirits (I Sam. ii., 3 Prov. vxl., 2). Behind an outward conformity He often sees a spirit of rebellion. Let us be ambitious to do right in His sight

who readeth hearts.
27. "And He said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This sentence is found only in Mark in this incident. It is the gospel of service, and every servant of God is to serve God every day, but one day in seven is specially set apart for man that on that day he may wholly and peculiarly delight him-self in the Lord and thus be refreshed for the work of the other days. Man is not a slave of the Sabbath, but the Sabbath is for his special benefit and joy, not to enjoy him-self (Isa. lviii., 13, 14), but that he may deself (Isa. lvili., 13, 14), but that he may de-light himselt in the Lord and thus learn to

ride upon the high places of the earth.
28, "Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." This statement is also of the Sabbath." This statement is also found both in Matthew and Luke. All things were made by Him and for Him. It is His day. He is the maker of it and the proprietor of it. He gave it to us that we might the better glorify Him and enjoy Him. He certainly has a right to tell us what He would like done with His own property. When we, too, by faith in Him become His property and truly call. Him Lord than the day. orty and truly call Him Lord, then the day erty and truly call Him Lord, then the day and the people being all His and for His pleasure He will surely be glorified in them. The secret of rest and victory is found in be-ing able to say from the heart, Thou art vorthy, O Lord, and I am for Thy pleasure

(Rev. iv., 11). iii., 1. "And He entered again into the synagogue, and there was a man there which had a withered hand." In Luke vi., 6, it is written that this was on another Sabbath, and that He was teaching in the synagogue. It would seem, then, that He was always found in the synagogue on the Sabbath day and ready to read and teach as opportunity offered. These synagogues were not the most spiritual places in the world, for the service was very formal, yet

it was His custom to be there. it was His custom to be there.

2. "And they watched Him whether He would heal him on the Sabbath day, that they might accuse Him." What odd kind of people did go to church on Sabbath days long ago, and He knew just what kind of people they were. Yet He went, too. Well, He must have had more grace than many of the telegraph was a same of the same of th He must have had more grace than many of His followers nowadays. Yet it is written that "if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His" (Rom. viii., 9). Why should they want to accuse Him when He never did any harm to any, but always went about doing good? They must have been related to one who is called "the accuser of the brethren" (Rev. xii., 10).

3. "And He said unto the man which had

3. "And He said unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth." Luke says, "He knew their thoughts" (Luke vi., says, "He knew their thoughts" (Luke vi., 8). It will greatly help us if we remember that there is always one with us who is reading our thoughts and searching our inreading our thoughts and searching our in-most hearts. But how can we help our thoughts? Only by being filled with His thoughts. We are not responsible for the thoughts that are presented to us, but we are responsible for receiving and pondering

them.
4. "And He saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days or to do evil, to save life or to kill? But they held their peace." In Math. xii., 11, 12, it is written that He used the illustration of the lawful ness of taking a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath day, adding. "How much better is Sabbath day, adding. "How much better is a man than a sheep?" and then said, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." We are certainly safe in doing on the holy day whatever will glorify God and tend to magnify Him through any work of necessity or

mercy.
5. "And when He had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, He saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other." What a good thing for that man to be found in the synagogue that What a good thing for day! How much he might have missed by not being there! Think what Thomas missed for a whole week by not being with the brethren on the night after the resurrec ion.—Lesson Helper.

Rat in an Elephant's Trunk.

The reason for the strange action of Jess, the circus elephant, which went on a ram-page, and after breaking her fastenings and nearly wrecking the circus, roamed through the streets of San Francisco, Cal., has been discovered. Jess has always been perfectly docile and could be handled by any of the circus people. While she was being pursue t through the streets in the mcrning by her keepers they noticed that the animal acted as if frenzied by freight. Finally, when she allowed them to come near, one of the keep ers noticed something protruding from the end of her trunk. He pulled it out and found that it was a live rat. The elephant had been lying on the ground asleep, with her trunk stretched in front of her, and it is supposed the rat ran up her trunk. The rat contracted the muscles of her trunk and was held fast. When the rat had been removed the elephant gave signs of great satislaction and made no further resistance to being led back to the circus tent.

It Eats Russian Thistle. The Northwestern farmers have su blenly Government refused to appropriate \$1,000, 000 to do-destroy the Russian thistle. It is a small green worm, less than an inch in length, which feeds on the weed and destroys it. Literally millions of these worms are found on a small area of the ground where the thistle grows, and they exhaust its sap, when it withers. It is an annual plant, growing up from the seel, so it does not come up again from the root next year. Wherever the seed falls and a new plant sprouts in the spring the worms will be present to attend to its case. The worm is

said to attack no other vegetation. Australia's Wheat Crop. Australia has 5,500,000 bushels of wheat, as against 2,900,000 last year.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

LACE IN FANCY WORK.

Perfumed sachets of silk are orna mented with butterflies, flowers and other designs in white lace. The figures are appliqued and then crossed with embroidery stitches. The effect is very good, especially when gold thread is used to outline the figures and to define parts of the pattern of | red sewn on in pattern. the lace. The same ornaments are applied to photograph frames of silk | Hadramut, and looks as if the fashion and velvet. - New York Journal.

WHAT KIND OF SHOES TO WEAR.

A doctor says that it is a great misake for all women to suppose that the pointed toe shoe is bad for the feet. He adds that there are feet that should wear nothing else and that are hurt by the square toed boot that is often substituted. The way to determine what is best for the feet is to place the stockinged foot upon the floor and to notice where the big toe comes. If it is on a line with the others, then the square toed shoe is required. If it decidedly projects beyond the others, the pointed toe is better. - New York Telegram.

AN AGE OF SACHETS.

This is an age of sachets, their use vying with the perfumed liquids and oils. Even the so-called advanced woman delights in all the sweet smelling accessories of the toilet, and in rich-hued velvet. those days of the next century when woman suffrage shall have become an accomplished fact we may see a revival of the famous Senate of women appointed by Heliogabalus, whose duty it was to "settle all questions of etiquette and dress, and also to decide about the composition of commetics and the quantity of perfumes."-New York Advertiser.

ONE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

A curious incident is related as taking place in a well known church recently. A wedding was being solemnized, the contracting parties being a lady and gentleman who move in the fashionable circles of solatto boy and girl. The pair watched the ceremony intently, and copied each movement made by the bride and bridegroom, whom the priest was making man and wife. As they knelt down so did the other couple kneel, a fore and after cap or a Tam. and when the bridegroom placed the ring on the bride's finger the young mulatto did likewise. At length, when the procession emerged from the church, the humble couple followed, looking as if they were married. It transpired that such was, indeed, their belief. They had no money wherewith to pay the priest or the fees, so they thought a marriage at second hand would be just as effective and cost nothing .- New York Adver-

INTENDS TO ENTER HARVARD.

Fannitza Abdue Sultana Nalide is the name of a good-looking girl from Beyrout who is now staying at a quiet residence in Brooklyn. She is the cousin of the wealthiest Arab in the her countrymen as "the Syrian Prin-On the books at Harvard she will be entered as Miss Alice Azeez, and her object in coming to this country is manifold. She wishes to obtain people and occidental methods of do- This fastens with gilt or pearl buttons. ing things generally. Having done so she will return to Syria, where she of her father. Her family has for Orient. Miss Azeez, though only the Arabian, Assyrian, Grecian, Latin, French, German and English lan- capes and collars. guages. Specimens of her needlework adorn the shelves of the Metropolitan Mass.—Chicago Herald.

HYGIENIC USE OF PERFUMES. Those of us who are fond of per

their use by the dictates of fashion, says the Lady's Pictorial, will henceforth have a most excellent excuse for using them as liberally as we may speaking strongly in their favor, and are not only sweet but strong, for he has discovered in them valuable antiseptic qualities. There are certain oils and essences employed to make every kind of perfume, whether it be violet or rose or jasmine, and according to the amount used in particular essences, so do they become genuine disinfectants. It is distinctly pleasant to know that typhoid and influenza may be kept at bay by a liberal use of fragrant distilments, and as the Medical Press urges their free use this winter, even the most puritanically minded may be inclined to make the use of incense general in churches. Colds and influenza are spread to an alarming extent in places of worship, but bacilli would evidently stand a small chance in clouds of incense.

PAINTED ARAB GIRLS.

Shief is a very picturesque spot, only here, as elsewhere in these valleys, the houses are so exactly the same color as the rock behind them that they lose their effect. The rich have evidently recognized this difficulty, and whitewashed their houses, but in the poorer villages there is no to make them stand out from their surroundings. Arab girls, before they enter the harem and take the veil, are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with tumeric; on this ground they paint black lines, with antimony, over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheek, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

My wife tells me that the belles in gloves on their hands and shoes on and in public.

their feet, and, thus bedizened, hope to secure the affections of their lords. At Shief, the men would not allow my wife to approach or hold any intercourse with the Arab women, using opprobrious epithets when she tried to make friendly overtures, with the quaint result that whenever Mrs. Bent advanced toward a group of females they fled precipitately, like a flock of sheep before a collie dog. These women wear their dresses high in front, and long behind; they are of deep blue cotton, decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and

It is the universal female dress in had not changed since the days when Hazarmaveth the patriarch settled in that valley and gave it his name, (Genesis x., 28). The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in the fields contributes with the mask to make the Hadrami females as externally repulsive as the most jealous of husbands could desire. - Nineteenth Century.

FASHION NOTES.

A sailor hat with wings is a novelty. Rosettes of satin are the favorite trimming on toques.

Small drooping clusters of violets or roses are placed at the back of tiny

bonnets. Black, wine color and golden brown velvets will be in great demand for

winter millinery. Groups of humming birds make exquisite trimmings for capotes made of

A new shape in hats is the Marjorie. It turns down slightly in the back and up to a point in front.

News comes from Paris that the long stocking is doomed and that the ultrafashionable woman now wears socks. For comfort, no hats are equal to those of soft felt, which come in several shapes and are trimmed with a single wing or quill.

Antique satins and rich miroir velvets in the exquisite new shades will enter largely into all trimming, and huge rosettes of ribbon will be used on many of the hats.

A tiny jet bonnet in the shape of a small Dutch cap is trimmed with an ciety, while in the corner of the edged puffing and Alsatian bow of church stood a youthful couple, a mu- Chinese pink velvet with aigrette and jet brooch in the bow. A good golfing suit-Loose plain

skirt of clan tartan or plain gray or brown, braided edge, belted blouse similarly braided coming to the hips,

Clover blossoms are particularly fashionable just now, and the new makes are wonderful improvements on the old productions. They are realistic enough to deceive even a honey bee.

Black and white striped ribbons are much used to make rosettes and bows with upstanding ends, these being extensively employed to trim turbans and French toques. The still popular magenta roses are very frequently used in addition.

An extremely odd fancy among ultra fashionable people of London just at the moment is that of wearing on 'dressy occasions sleeves without color intimacy with each other, ill-sorted sleeves very often, and in any case suggesting unpleasant ideas of acci-

Whole costumes of black glossy astrakhan are the height of elegance. These have plain flaring skirts, short jackets with huge sleeves and revers educational honors, both here and in and collars of the fur, while under-England, and while in America will neath the bodice is worn a vest of blue, study the system of government, the red, white or yellow ladies' cloth.

Handsome costumes of cloth and camel's-hair are trimmed with revers. will found a monument to the memory | epaulets, etc., of chinchilla, astrakhan, Persian, sable, etc. Chinchilla is one centuries been a ruling force in the of the prettiest, softest and most Orient. Miss Azeez, though only youthful-looking furs that can be nineteen years of age, has mastered worn. It is especially becoming right against the face, and makes lovely

Some toques have a velvet covering put on very loosely and puffed out so Museum of Art, in New York City, and as to form a kind of ruching about the Peabody Museum, at Cambridge, the edge. One in tan-colored velvet is trimmed with a black ostrich plume put on one side. A black felt toque is ruched about with cerisecolored velvet and has a rather large fumes, yet often have to be guided in | bow of the same tinted satin.

Sashes are to lose none of their popularity for months to come, as large invoices of the most beautiful ribbons of medium and very wide sizes fancy. A French chemist has been are already in the importers' hands. These consist of satin bordered corded specially commends those odors which silk patterns, those that are shot and sprinkled with beautiful shaded flowers, Roman striped varieties, shot and frosted silk effects, shepherds' check weaves, etc., and colored and black moires.

Attempts will be made to make plaited effects fashionable again this season, with good prospects of success. Skirts made entirely of plaited silk will be made up for both day and evening toilets. The new plaits are small at the centre, where the waist opening is, and wider toward the outside. They are thus called fanplaits. In the waist, which accompanies the skirt, the plaits are small at the waist line and wider above. The effect is light and graceful.

German Preachers' Salaries.

The Methodist Annual Conference in Germany has been fixing the salaries of all preachers within maxiperched on a rock, with towers and mum and minimum figures. The turrets constructed of semi-dried brick, largest sum given to any preacher is \$800 and the lowest \$150. There are gradations according as the preacher is married, unmarried, or has children. In Berlin the Conference owns property worth \$60,000, a large advance on the original cost. The churches are rapidly approaching selfwhitewash, and consequently nothing support, and as soon as that is reached the State will grant corporate rights enabling them to bury the dead without consent from the State Church. The Methodist deaconness are taking quite a prominent position throughout Germany. When in 1892 the cholera raged in Hamburg they placed themselves at the disposal of the city authorities, and in return for their devotion received a fine home and hospital in the suburbs of the city. They are doing a similar work to that the Sultan's harem are also painted in of the Sisters of Charity, but are held this fashion, and that they also paint in still higher esteem both in private CROWS IN CAUCUS.

BEFORE GOING SOUTH THEY HOLD BIG REUNIONS.

Jack Frost's Arrival Frightens Them Away From Northern; Climes-Annual Powwows-Great Roost Near Washington.

> FTER the duties of incubation are past, crows lead an industrious and happy life with their young, teaching the brood how to find food for themselves and to avoid the dangers they are liable to encounter from the manifold traps set by the farmer to the hunter with his gun on his shoulder. It's said this sagacious bird smells powder. His sharpness and cunning in avoiding it would make one almost believe so. The young are taught early to steer clear of all men with sticks in hand roaming at large through the woods, while the loud, urgent "Caw, caw, caw," the old crow's danger signal, is familiar to everybody.

As the evenings become cool the parent birds, with their charges, now as large as themselves, join with others of their sort, until all the crows that inhabit a radius of twenty miles or so are banded together. For a month more they pick up their living as one large family, seen everywhere in flocks. Sooner or later Jack Frost arrives.

This is the signal the crows seem to have waited for, as the morning after the ground shows white, these sable marauders choose an open spot; generally, if near tide water, a marsh is preferred, and throwing out two or more sentine's, like the good generals they are, begin a regular conference meeting. The ground, from twenty to 200 feet, according to the size of the flock, is black with them. An irregular ring is formed and a speaker, or rather several speakers, hold forth, much to the edification of the rest. The assembly is thoroughly noisy, and their loud cawing at such times is audible half a mile away. The gathering is continued generally, if not disturbed, at the same place for several days, gaining in intensity like a protracted camp meeting, as though they realized the importance of coming to a speedy decision.

Presently the interested countryman, or naturalist, who has been a silent observer at a distance, of this bird "powwow," wakes up some morning to find a thin film of ice has formed in wet places over the landscape. He then glances down to the distant meadow or marsh just to see how the crows like it. To his surprise there are none there. Their meeting ground is vacant, and not so much as a feather is in sight. They are off, he thinks, but just when and how they left he cannot imagine.

A month or six weeks may pass and this casual observer, who has neither seen or heard a crow in the meantime, is astounded some day by the old familiar sounds, while he notices a black body or two busily at work in their usual haunts. Though the winter is at hand he think, perhaps (if he has not given the matter some thought), that these birds are the forerunners of the old lot. He is entirely wrong in his conclusions. These newcomers far off city named, and is known among dent to limb and careless replacement. are crows who have spent the summer far to the northward, reaching their present location only after a long mi-

gration. Hardy fellows these, who will brave winter's blasts without leaving New York State. But let us follow the main body south. The immediate vicinity of Baltimore and Washington are great resorts for them. The writer, as a schoolboy in Baltimore, one winter, on half holidays, shot 104 of these birds by hiding behind the road fence and taking the crows on the wing, as they flew over the turnpike on their way to the cattle yards

which skirted the city. For many years past the crows have had a roosting place near Arlington (General Lee's old home—now a National cemetery), opposite Washington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. It is a familiar and daily sight to the inhabitants of the capital, during the winter months, to see them passing overhead in the early morning, going east to their feeding grounds, which are usually the shores of Chesapeake Bay, though they glean the marshes and branches of the Potomac River as well. They spend the day in this manner, returning in great flocks from 3 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon till dark, in numbers too large to be readily estimated. A low calculation would be 75,000. One hundred and fifty thousand was once stated in the Washing-

ton Star as a fair guess at them. If the day happens to be windy, the crows show great judgment in avoiding the heaviest part of the breeze, sometimes flying so low as just to clear the housetops, and then again soaring so high as not to appear larger than swallows. On the water's edge, if a shellfish is found by one of them with too thick a covering to be readily broken, it is taken up into the air and borne away to some rocky part of the shore, when it is dropped from a height, and the fall rarely fails to break the shell, exposing the dainty meat to the cunning forager. - New York Press.

Recording the Degree of Hearing. Mr. Peet, who is at present study-

ing medicine in this city, has devised a plan for testing and recording the degree of hearing in deaf mutes. His device is as follows: A set of numbered clocks, or clock works, varying in their ticks from the sound of a watch to that of a very loud clock, might be used. The modus operandi would be as follows: Before treatment, each ear of the patient should be tested, and the number of the faintest clock that can be heard should be registered. After a course of treatment, the ears should again be tested, and it can be asceriained at once and with certainty whether there is an improvement. During the tests, each clock should, of course, always be at a set distance from the ear-say one inch, but should not touch any part of the head, as the vibration would be carried through the tissues, whereas sound waves through the air are alone wanted for record .- New York Mail and Express.